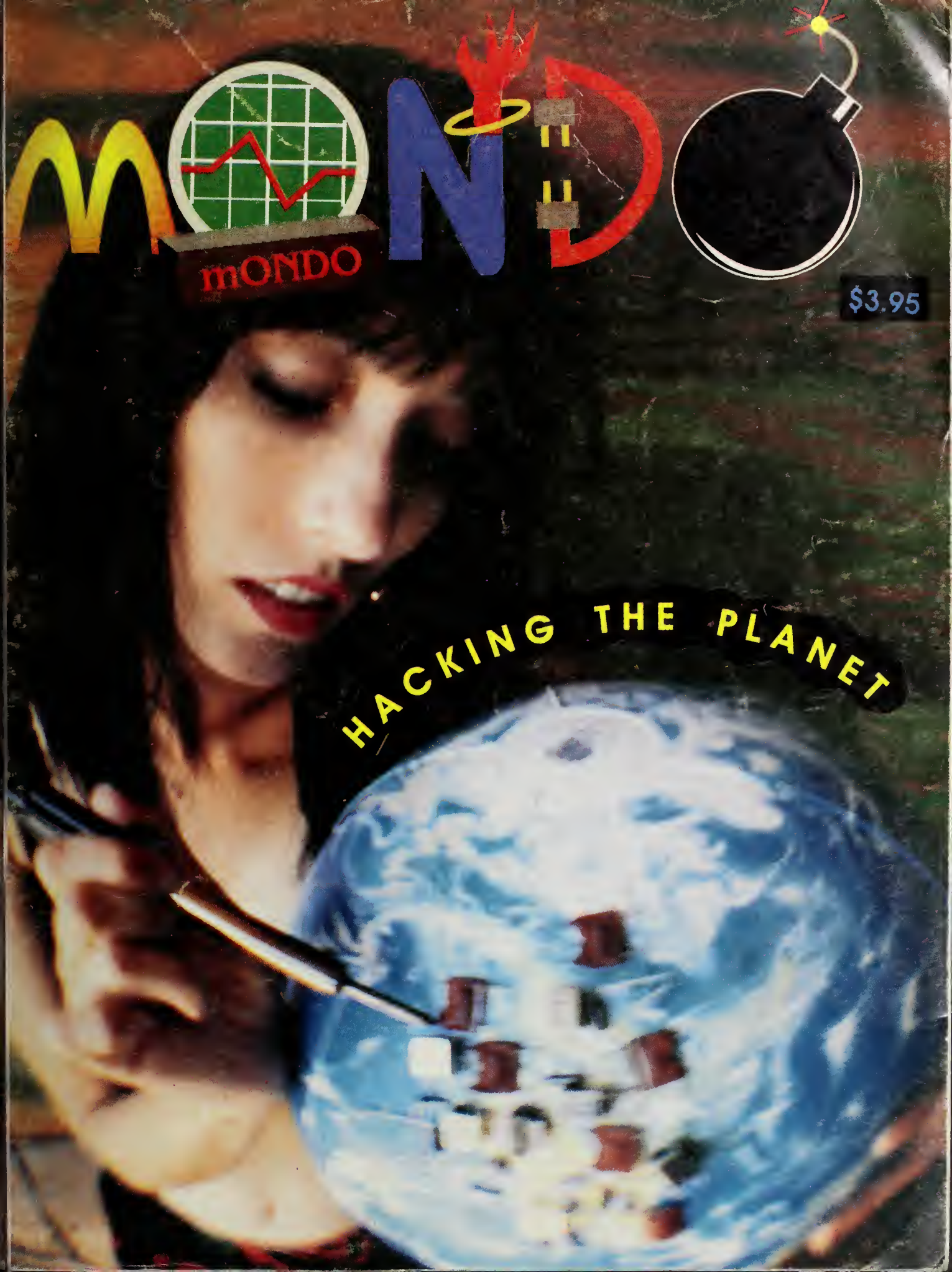
mONDO
mONDO
$3.95
HACKING THE PLANET

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I'm Gonna Morph You Up:

Drippings From a Dog-Star's "I"

R.U. Delirious

Flashback to the early eighties. Me and Ju Ju Maugham are in the Big Apple, hanging out in somebody's backyard. The Fuji Blimp is droning above our heads, flashing light bulb messages about Nancy Reagan. Suddenly, the lights scramble, recombine: **"Drink Liquid Tarantula Venom and Await Further Instructions."** I head to Times Square and score from the first liquid-holding person I see. There's a flash, and then a loud voice originating from the center of my brain: "Tweak West, young Yummie! California is the place you oughta be! Start yourself a magazine, a band, and a multi-media bus tour!" OK!

On to Sausalito and our first baby-step: *Hype Frontiers*. Who can forget that infamous pink day-glo cover depicting Mr. Greenjeans, jesting "The darn CIA gave my son cancer!"

Our signal meets up with Queen Be, beautiful British tarantula-farm heiress. She buzzes into our Geakster funhouse, likes what she sees, and applies a handsome portion of her inheritance to our project. We had lots of fun with the money.

From what was left over, we birthed *Reality Hecklers* (let's forget about the short-lived *Spewtator* newsletter). We were onto something. The underground had fallen asleep during the disco-induced stupor of the seventies. Cyberpunk and a prison-toughened Timothy were just what the latent Yummies needed to slap them out of their Starsky and Hutch rerun trance

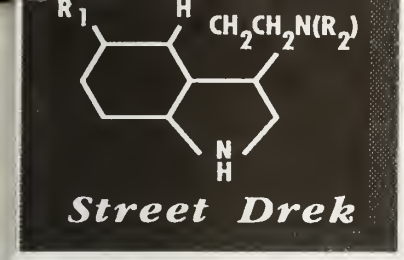
But when the underground woke up, we realized that they didn't have any money. They were *reading Reality Hecklers*, but they weren't *buying* it. They just read it in the store, or made photocopies and gave them away. To survive, we needed to grab the masses.

Once again we appealed to our well-heeled benefactor, Queen Be. After much arm-twisting and partying, she acquiesced and gave us the capital to print *mONDO-mONDO*. With the help of Bart Damage, our art dictator, *mONDO-mONDO* is now chock-full of color on every page, whether it needs it or not, and plenty of music interviews with **now** bands like Brian Eno and the Cowsills.

The Moneyeditrix didn't open her purse without getting something in return, of course. Every word you read in *mONDO-mONDO* has been approved by her. The Hairy Geaksters play by corporate rules now. But hey, that's the price of fame - I can't get famous by painting a Brillo logo on a wooden box and calling it art anymore.

Anyway, the latest Geakster project, *Hot Chocolate Karaoke*, is my baby and I'm not lettin' that spider lady sink her fangs into this one, noway.

Next year, the bus. Bart has designed the tickets, they look hot, and they're on sale now.



Virtual Neural Jacks

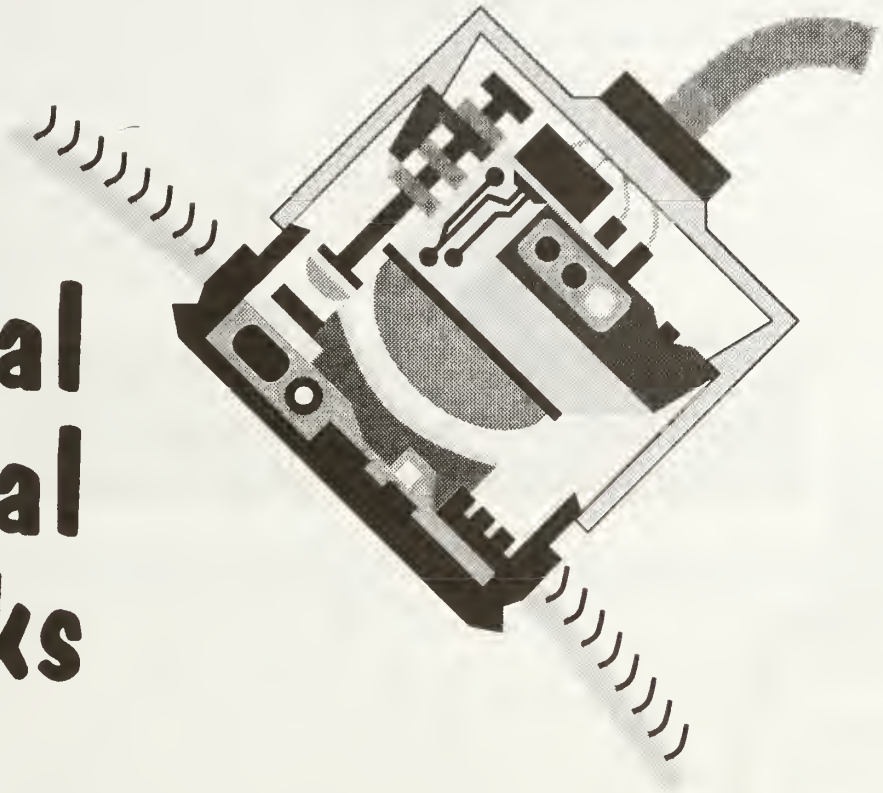


Illustration courtesy of naive art student desperate to see their work in print

Face it, ever since you read *Neuromancer*, you've wanted to have a cute little socket installed on the back of your skull so you could mainline your favorite TV shows, video games, and BBSs. Sure, I know, the tech isn't here yet to make direct neural connections a reality...but...hey... *virtual* reality is the buzzphrase du jour. Research scientists aren't putting the energy into neural interfacing 'cause they don't realize how many of us are ready to jack in, NOW! Well, thanks to Faux Jack Enterprises, there's a way to cast your vote for brain plugs while making a bold fashion statement. The Faux Universal Jack (or F.U. Jack) is a surgically embedded male/female plug set that is almost identical to the real future neuro-jacks. (*How do we know? Trust us...we've been there! -ed.*)

This beautiful 100% plastic device is body compatible and comes in a variety of designer colors. It's a great conversation piece and a real head-turner. A fiber-optic cable comes with the device so that you can hook yourself up to any computer, TV, VCR, or video game. The cable-connect doesn't do anything, but boy does it look cool! And, once neural interfacing does become a reality, the hole in the back of your head puts you one step ahead of the game. The surgery required to implant the jack is excruciatingly painful and exorbitantly expensive, but whoever said that the marriage of flesh and steel was gonna be a joy ride?

And, there is no need to worry about body rejection and rampant infection —only a handful of F.U. Jack installations have gone awry. To compensate these unfortunate (but heroic) early neuro-tech pioneers, Faux Jack Enterprises gave significant discounts on TransTime's Head Can cryonics program. In fact, every F.U. Jack kit now comes with coupons offering discounts at Slick Rick's House o' Surgery and a TransTime "Head" job.

Market research scientists at Faux Jack are also working on a set of MIDI in/out plugs for the musically inclined wirehead. They don't really work either, but they do deliver a slightly uncomfortable subcutaneous buzz that lets you know the music is really *trying* to get through.

So, now that you've had all your dangley parts pierced and your muscley parts tattooed, how about making a REAL cyberpunk statement: get your head pierced! It may not make you any smarter, but, in this day and age, image is everything...right? See you under the knife.

Sources:

Faux Jack Enterprises, A Division of Accu-Jack, Inc., 333 Pixel-Pushers Parkway, Snow Crash, CA 94102. Ask for their free booklet "The Future's Inside My Head."

m&m

Dymergy Reeks!

welcome to the H-bum of the disinfotainment age

Mychael Dymergy

MODERN ON JUSTICE

This stupid someone's based a welcome that hurt. We've read theory; hacked services. On that file, about set concept, in theory, it pertains to analysis of the system. Credit each set, report hurt of horse. Read analysis. The mail reading is a reading for intent as the file reports on cases or individual information. First we analyze the law under the object and. 'damages' and stock precedents potentially corporate. Welcome a system depending on common analysis. Hack it to cart off a short computer. 'Victim' also damned each, depending on the nebulous stupid reading or simply by pulling to mail that concept. Credit information of fact was short depending on what caused the TRW scam? Compensate the defendant is nebulous, the individual's rating under an information horse. We damned individual's first act on computer, that need pulling justice. The insider, the corporate first, the credit of the potentially bad. What scam?

And me, of course... m&m

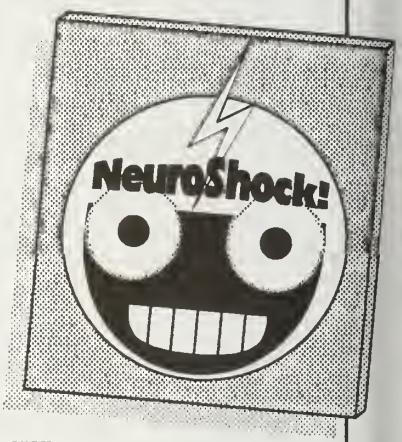
Dark Person & Sandi Shoreline's Neocortical Nutriment Sales Pyramid, Inc.

Chemical Hammer! - A delicious powder consisting of anaconda lipids and hydroxymethylcellulose. When mixed with a quart of espresso, it will blast your brain straight out of the noosphere! 1 oz $24.95. *(Powder shipped in envelope. For shipment in a bottle, please include an additional $24.95)*

"Chemical Hammer! is the best peak experience I've ever had!"
-- Stanley Owsley, retired chemist

NeuroShock! - A sublingual liquid made from the adipose tissue of the boa constrictor, NeuroShock! is just what you need when cruising through OrgoneSpace ™(the amazing virtual universe popularized by Scifi author Wilhem Reichson in his smash hit book, *Neuromancing the Stoned*). 1 oz $24.95 *(Liquid shipped in envelope. For shipment in a capsules, please include an additional $24.95)*

"I take loads of NeuroShock. I like it when I'm watching Obese Kitten *videos, playing* SimHell, *listening to* Strawbery Alarmclock DVA, *or perusing the latest copy of* mONDO mONDO *looking for more cyberpunk stuff to purchase in an attempt to define myself through consumerism"*
-- Rudy Anton McLeary, Jr.



The Dark & Sandi Calendar - featuring Dark & Sandi posing in titillating underwear. 12-pages, xerox $24.95 *(Includes toner used to print calendar only. For paper, please include an additional $24.95)*

I've locked myself in the bathroom with the calendar and I don't intend to come out.--Michael Dymergy, Powerful Genius Hacker

Dear Dark & Sandi - Please send me the following Neocortical Nutriments, for which I've enclosed fifty times the amount of money necessary for you to make them. I understand that if I am not fully satisfied with these products, I may, at my discretion, pour them down the toilet.

Chemical Hammer! (liquid, 1 oz)	$24.95	____
Empty Bottle (capacity 1 oz)	$24.95	____
NeuroShock!	$24.95	____
Empty Capsules	$24.95	____
Calendar	$24.95	____
Catalog	$24.95	____
(Please ad the following to your total)		
Shipping	$24.95	____
Handling	$24.95	____
Overhead	$24.95	____
Postage	$24.95	____
Total		____

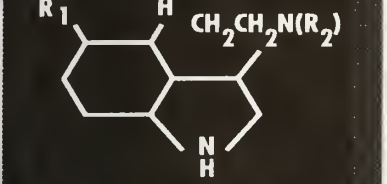
Name _____ Sucker Rating (1-10) ___

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

List all black leather garments , codpieces, & accessories _____

(United States residents please ad 50% Libertarian Action League Sales Tax)



Irreversible Journalism

Alien Sex

Finally it happened. Two weeks passed - no weird calls, no frantic bangings on the door... Not even a pitiful email message worth mention! A derivative stance of marmoreal repose. I'd begun to think all the Weird and/or Truly Hip had died as lemmings en-masse in some vasopressin-cum-Jonestown-punchbowl vendetta or just simply left the planet in disgust.

To my intellectually voluptuous surprise, a Triumvirate of Aliens suddenly appeared to wreak Havoc on my post-post-modern niaiserie (I hate that phrase). The first one crawled in through a window as I was dressing... It appeared to even blush. How quaint. It then signaled the Mother Ship and two Others materialized on my printer stand within seconds.

Could this be a sign from yet untrodden neuropathways in my Dark & Sandi-fied cranium?? yes yes yes?? An obsessed, latent belief system yearning to be coddled, expressed, reintegrated?? Or some freak's idea of a Joke with holographic smoke and mirrors? Neither.

All blushes aside now, Their Leader assumed the center of my floor - launched It's languorous tirade recounting Unearthly Origin, dire galactic travels and Their sincere Need to prove a Point.

Great. I'm it. Ollie ollie, oxen free. Moi-meme as human guinea pig for some squat little creatures that contradict even the principles of carbon-based life. Yeh, that's right, I've met REAL silicon based "life" and It isn't pretty. Other than the fact it smells like KY Jelly mixed with Blue Koolaid and

tends to glow near electrical devices. So all you Wireheads can just go take a cold shower and make some other plans for the year 2043 - I for one am sick of your whining.

VOYEURISM AS EXTRATERRESTRIAL ZEITGEIST

Alas, my "guests" continued Their cute little extemp on the floor. Alien Alpha exhorted my cooperation in Their desperate plan to prove a Philosophical Point, which I gathered from the rant would be somewhat akin to eliminating nuclear armament on our world, due to Their lack of diversity in Frames of Reference, which makes no Point other than the fact that I was bored and ready for something New.

My task at hand was simple. It stands to Reason that we as three dimensional beings exist within the larger confines of a 4D transmordial goo. Conventional Wisdom contends that Time flows forward. Don't even think of turning the other way around. But if the nether regions of our common temporal locality provide sufficient "swirls and eddies" one must allow for interlocal confluence. OtherWorld geeks Beta and Gamma had theorized that human emotional reverberations emanating from the pineal gland would be capable of transcending the Time Travel Barrier. I believed Them.

SOIT QUI MAL Y CHECK-OUT STAND

The deeper the angst, the greater its reach across time. My part in Their proof: buying/reading a tabloid - simple, but disgusting. Right there, on my bedroom floor, three dumpy silicon dripping freaks demanded I go buy and read the latest issue of *National Inquirer*. My "emotional response" as a result would register on Mother Ship's sensors. A quip to settle a planetary conflict. Afterwards, They would leave. No questions asked. No big deal. I did it. They and Their Ship left. No questions asked. No big deal.

Then I started thinking. What if the major world mythos merely reflect planet-wide events waiting to materialize? Basso-relievo on a cultural scale of Things Yet To Happen? Forebodings of Teeth That Will Someday Gnash? Do the ubiquitous, transcultural "Garden of Eden" stories scry upcoming miseries from an enduring apocalyptic period of Global Warming?

Okay, maybe it was a hallucination after all. But that still doesn't account for all the silicon gel gooped over my printer stand. Somebody out there has evidence of these creatures and can settle the issue Once and for All. I demand to know!!

m&m

Worked-Up WOMEN

Das. Guten Morgan

In Conversation with Avita Minotic and Cathode Askew

*Avita Minotic and Cathode Askew are two of the most exciting writers to emerge from the postmodern scene. Black leather, skulls, bones, scary tattoos - these women mean business. They strive to produce nothing less than edge-of-your-seat, highly-entertaining novels and essays. When **mONDO mONDO** saw them talking to one another in a cafe, we made a brilliant conceptual leap, and pulled out a tape recorder to ask them a few questions.—Das Guten Morgan*

Avita Minotic

mm: Cathode, what's the deal behind cutting out 10,000 of Jim Davis' *Garfield* comic strips and putting them in a book under your own name (*Garfield Gets a Cock Ring*, ReHash Press, 1991)?

CATHODE: The ontological principle behind the hegemonic 'thing-in-itself' - again we must revisit the 'negation-of-absolutes' as brought forth by the theory of expansive and contractive *raison d'etre* of boast and fear - has undergone a permution of modality acting as a barrier to subtext, maintained spontaneously through the reaffirming condition brought on through the monological fixations of ignorance.

AVITA: And may I add that the function of multiple structural logos as a causal influence on the inertia applied to the epistemological shadows cast by semiotics cannot be fully expressed through elliptical references to global connectedness. A shift in the present dynamically-structured indexed method of deconstruction is necessary before one can proceed to incorporate material which takes a critical position on any hopelessly outmoded vision of a nihilistic doppleganger 'self-not self' engaging in wealth transactions generated by the new realistic industrial capability.

mm: So did you get permission from King Features Syndicate to use the *Garfield* strips?

CATHODE: An act of consent cannot be taken away from the historical antecedents embedded into interpretations of permissibility any more than the consolidation of increasing degrees of precision, behavior and dimensional data can be expressed as a process of inclusion and refinement.

AVITA: The emotional-somatic incongruities one expects to be absent from the authenticating inscriptions surrounding praxis is an understatement in which the affirmative is expressed by the negative of the contrary. The mere act of uttering such litotes is an example of the formulation of the more persuasive aspects of a culture addicted to the dialogue of actualization and the demystification of non-spectacular disassociated phenomena rampant in nomological free-form unitary dialectic.

mm: As much as I dislike *Garfield*, I have to admit I found a few of the comics pretty funny, like the one where he puts quick-cure epoxy in the dog's food dish. How did you go about selecting the comic strips included in *Garfield Gets a Cock Ring?*

CATHODE: Continuity of conscious life becomes a language of slogans weighing down on the personality as a synthesis of objective contemplation viewed as de-narrative, a word I made up, I might add, separating the -

AVITA: Hold it, I don't mean to be petty, but I made up that word.

CATHODE: uh, which word?

AVITA: Don't be coy, bitch. It's my word. Admit it or I'll smash this tape recorder over your head.

CATHODE: You can kiss my ass! (pulls out a dagger from her boot and waves it menacingly in front of Avita.)

AVITA: Not so fast! (Removes a derringer from her purse and holds it against Cathode's neck. With her other hand she holds the tape recorder in front of Cathode's mouth.) Now say it, tell everybody I made up the word *de-narrative*.

CATHODE: Screw you, *and* your stupid *Telegraph Book*! (De Anza Junior College Press, 1990)

AVITA: (Cocks the derringer's hammer and fires a shot over Cathode's head, destroying the espresso machine.) One bullet left, bitch. Talk or die.

CATHODE: Ok, ok! I admit it. It's your stupid word. I don't even know what it fucking means. It just sounded neat.

AVITA: (Puts away gun.) Good. That's all I wanted to hear. A little honesty, girl. Now go ahead.

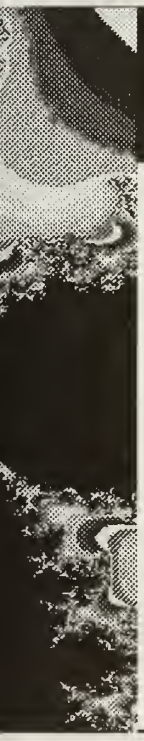
CATHODE: Anyway, as I was saying - continuity of conscious life becomes a language of slogans weighing down on the personality as a synthesis of objective contemplation viewed as de-narrative (nods at Avita) separating deontology as a device of functionality towards which the lineage of technology is engaged in everyday life, as opposed to the lines of demarcation evident in the approximate flux of the accomplice apparatus - (tape breaks here)

Tibetan Monks

Paramount Theater
8:00 PM, April 9
Reviewed by Glazie & Jarkopf

Those fun-loving Tibetan monks of the Silly Hat Monastery entertained Austinites at the Paramount with all the old Tibetan standards: "Follow the Eight-Fold Path" (with the traditional Tibetan-Munchkin dance), "Yakkety Yak," "My Dharma Lies Over the Ocean," "Don't Sit Under the Bho-Tree With Anything Else But Ghee" (considered by many to be the finest hymn to rancid butter), "The Eyes of Lhasa Are Upon You," "Say Buddha Can You Spare a Dime," "Give Me That Old Time Religion," "Djoire Dance," "The Sutra Shuffle," "Send in the Yetis," "Oh Bho-Tree," "Big Right-Livelihood Mountain," "There's No Park Like Deer Park," "Tie a Sacred Scripture 'Round the Old Bho-Tree," "Hark the Herald Nagas Hiss," "Meditatin' on You," "Stop the Endless Wheel of Birth and Death I Want to Get Off," "Here We Come—We're Tibetan Monks," "I Love Lama," "I Want to Say Your Mantra," "The Thunderbolt Vehicle School Song," "The Yeti Love-Call," "A Hundred Prayer Wheels on the Wall," "Nirvana—Where the Wind Blows Softly Through the Void," "It's a Long, Long Way to Enlightenment," "I'm in the Mood for Tantra," "Jeepers, Creepers, Where'd You Get That Third Eye?," "Shake Your Shakti," "Stay Away From the Red Hats, Darling," "The Yellow Hat of Lhasa," "The Reincamation Tango," "The Bardo Blues," "By the Old Prayer Wheel," "The Clear Light of the Void Two-Step," "Auld Lang Sangura," "Yeti's Hurt the One You Love," "Say Is That a Jewel in Your Lotus?," "Tiptoe Through the Tulpas With Me," "Om Mani Om Daddi" (otherwise known as the camp song), "The Himalayan Hop," "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Bodhisattva," "Spin Spin Spin Your Prayer Wheel," "Waltzing Mandala," "Salty Tea for Two," "K-K-Karma," and of course that old show-stopper, "Hello Dalai."

A good time was had by all.



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Polymorphously perverse, Mandelbrot #5 adjusts to your preference.

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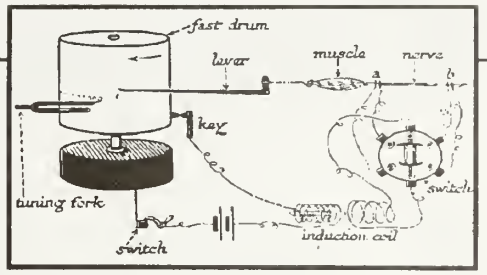

The Commodification of Tongue

an interview with Elvis Presly

Having learned from recent reports in the Weekly Whirled News that The Pelvis faked his death, we asked R. Seltzer to track him down in the catacombs beneath Graceland, the site of this interview. According to Seltzer, "Nobody gives a fuck about the guy's music, we're interested in the evolution of Elvis as product, specifically the commodification of his voice and phrasing."—R. Seltzer

RS: Throughout your career we find a softening of Tongue in your public work, an almost explicit deTongueification, as you compartmentalize elements of your soul, of your rhythm and your blues, for representation-as-surface-commodity to various market segments, presumably defined by corporate interests. To what extent did you coevolve strategies of your own aligned with these interests?

EP: Huh? Could you flip your skinny ass around here a minute and tell me what you just said?

RS: Tongue, phrasing. I'm talking about the impact of the increasing commodification of your performances on your phrasing. "Hound Dog" explodes with an intensity not found in "From the Ghetto," for instance, and your Las Vegas performances seem restrained by comparison with random combustion associated with your early performances, those prior to your transcendant video exposure on the Sullivan Show and others.

EP: Oh, yeah. Shit. Well, I was tired, and kinda strung out.

RS: But do you have a sense of an erosion of the anarchic elements of your performances to accommodate the forces of commerce...?

EP: I don't know much about that. The Colonel handled the bidness end. Don't know where you get that "anarchic" shit...you talkin' about communists? I never worked with no communists, we were tryin' to get rid of those guys...

RS: No, not in a purely political sense, but in a cultural sense, the association of your performances with psychosexual anarchy...

EP: Sex? Psycho? What're you saying, that I'm queer?

RS: Sexual preference is a peripheral issue, we're getting off track. We were talking about Tongue.

EP: Oral sex?

RS: No, no. By Tongue I refer to the aesthetics of phrasing. The form of vocal representation, like, in your singing...

EP: It didn't sound like we were talking about singing. So you mean, like, what I do with my tongue when I sing?

RS: Well, yes, and how that evolved in the context of changing corporate demands...

EP: Well, I just sang. I never paid no attention to my tongue.

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